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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

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TIME

DATE

DAY

11:30 12:35 PM

DECEMBER 30, 1938

FRIDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: CONTINUED

Our newest teenage friend, Mary Calloway, has been back from European vacation and something very special... she's going to make her first voyage by air. She's due now, but she hasn't yet called to let her friends know that the plane has arrived.

BESS: (FADING IN) Jerry, did Mary say in her letter that she'd call us from the airport for goodbye?

JERRY: She didn't make it definite. Anyway I don't believe she did. (FADING) I'll get her letter and make sure.

BESS: Perhaps we should call this person she was going to stay with, just to see if she's got them out.

JIM: That's a good idea, Bess.

BESS: I don't remember the girl's last name. Do you, Jim?

JIM: No. Jones or Smith or something.

BESS: That doesn't help us much.

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here's Mary's letter. I'll read you part of it. (RATTLE OF LETTERS) "I don't know yet what time the plane I am taking will arrive. But I understand it is what they call Day 4. If there is time I may call you even as late as the airport, to say hello and let you know I have arrived all right."

PLANE BEGINS TO TAKE OFF:

JIM: There she is. She only said she "may" call. I wonder if we got in all right and just thought she wouldn't because Mommy calling us. We'll see her Sunday after anyway.

JERRY: That plane is it? Jim?

JIM: That poor son of a bitch.

SEAN: My goodness, that's the same Mary's car.

JIM: Yes. We've got to contact them by radio. (FADING)

Let's go into the office.

JERRY: (FADING) Boy how can we do it, Jim?

JIM: (FADING IN) Lee says he needs to go home now. He's got to go to the office tomorrow. He's going to be there for a while. And he'll give us a call to check on it.

JERRY: 4951. I'll get it.

JIM: Lee's gonna contact the pilot and tell him to come in available at 10:00 tomorrow. I'll give it to him.

SEAN: Well, I don't understand, Jerry's plane was supposed to have landed at 8 o'clock. What happened?

JIM: I don't know, Sean. Lee says he wants us to direct the plane to one of our emergency landing fields. He's in the Forest.

SEAN: Didn't he tell you that was wrong?

JIM: He was in the middle of a panic. I couldn't get him.

JERRY: What field can you direct him to, Jim?

JIM: Well, I have to send him to the Backwoods. He wouldn't be able to find any field without a direct heading. And that's the only place where we have a radio station now.

BESS: I'll go down. Jim.
JIM: Edney, please. We're checking now. Tell me
our cooperative job with the Weather Bureau.
BESS: I'll call Edney when he's working.
JIM: Will you call him, Bess, and tell him to get out two
flares and light them?
BESS: Of course, Jim. That's the thing.
JIM: Short, long, and short.
BESS: I'll get him.
HAND PHONE IS RING, WE SHORT, WE LONG, WE SHORT. RECEIVER LIFTED
JIM: Aren't you getting anything from Lee, Jerry?
JERRY: Not yet. Amplifier's also down.
JIM: I reckon we're contacting the pilot.
BESS: (ON PHONE) Hello. Hello, Jack. This is
Mrs. Goodwin, Jack. Now, if you can so light
the flares on the emergency landing field as quickly
as you can. There's a passenger plane lost over the
Forest, and Jim's going to try to help his hands in the
field. Yes, it's the plane that's coming down now.
All right, hurry.

RECEIVER ON HOOK.

SPOTS OF STATIC.

JERRY: I think this is Lee coming in now, Jim.
JIM: (FILTER MISC) Kincaid to KEAS. Kincaid looking
for KEAS. All right.

JIM: If you can pick out the mountain between the town and the beacon, you'll be about three miles north of the field. It's halfway between the beacon and the town.

VOICE: (FILTER) I've located the beacon, but I've lost the town lights. Run into another one soon.

JIM: There aren't any peaks higher than the beacon on this side. If you can see it, start back toward town and look to the south of your position for flames. The field ought to be lit up by now.

VOICE: (FILTER) Okay. I'll let down to stay under the clouds and try to pick up the field.

JIM: And, said he'd get the flames lit up, didn't he, Bobbie?

BOBBIE: He said he'd go right out into the field.

VOICE: (FILTER) Hello, Forest Service. Haven't seen anything yet that looks like flames. I'm going to let down some more. How big is this field I'm looking for?

JIM: It's about two thousand feet long by two hundred feet. It's an emergency field we started in case we have to get into that rough country to tackle a fire. On these plains, the only way to transport supplies is by horse. So say hello. Can it yet?

VOICE: (FILTER) No. How long have you been at it?

JIM: Around three to four feet, with a heavy mist.

JIM: Don't worry, son, if there's half a chance it's
 1 billion of getting a ship on the ground in one place
 those fellows will do it. They have their business.

JERRY: Sure they do, but in a case like this anything could
 happen.

BESS: Why doesn't he say something, Jim?

JIM: He's got to concentrate on his controls now, Jess.
 You wouldn't want him tryin' to handle two jobs at a
 time, when he's in such a tight spot as he is now.

BESS: No, but... Oh, dear, I didn't think about the snow on
 the field. How can he land without wheels and in so
 much snow?

JIM: He'll try to scott the plane over the top of it like
 a toboggan, I guess.

JERRY: Give him a call, Jim. They ought to be on the ground
 by now.

JIM: Yeah... KBAB to trip 4... Hello, trip 4... It takes a
 good bit of time to land, you know. More than you'd
 think.

JERRY: He said he was practically on top of the field. It
 shouldn't take much time.

JIM: Well, I reckon they hit with pretty much of a jolt. Aircor
 have knocked his transmitter out of order.

JERRY: But the sets they put into those planes will take a lot
 of punishment.

